

FIVE ARE KILLED IN AUTO MISHAPS; SCORES INJURED

Two Women Among the Victims of Accidents Over the Holiday.

MANY AT HOSPITALS.

Minister's Son Dies as Auto Collides With Tree in Jersey.

Five persons were killed two of them women, by automobile accidents within the metropolitan district last night and early to-day, and scores of others are in hospitals of the city and those of surrounding communities, some of whom may die. By a curious twist of fate, none of the dead was killed within the city limits, although there were several seriously injured in the five boroughs by being run down or in collisions.

The women were Mrs. Daniel Dugan, forty, of No. 7 South Kensington Street, White Plains, and Mrs. Catherine Vath, forty-five, wife of a North Bergen, N. J., policeman. Mrs. Dugan was struck by an automobile as she was crossing Westchester Avenue, White Plains, and Joseph Henry, of Silver Lake Park, who was driving the car, was arrested on a technical charge of homicide. Mrs. Vath was killed last night as she was crossing the Boulevard in West North Bergen. She was returning home from a Christmas party. Jules Jorgenson of Emerson, N. J., the motorist, was arrested charged with manslaughter.

Maurice Leggett, sixteen, son of the former pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Raritan, N. J., was among those killed. He had attended a Christmas celebration at the Reformed Church of Raritan with his father and had gone for a ride with Francis Mannon, who had bought a new car a few days ago. Several other boys were in the party. They drove out Duke's Boulevard, across the river from Raritan, and were said to have been travelling at a rapid rate when the car skidded and struck a tree. Young Leggett was thrown out and his skull fractured. John Marchoni, another of the boys, is in Somerset Hospital, but his injuries are not serious.

Joseph Rotson, twenty-seven, of No. 215 New Street, Newark, was driving a motorcycle side car and attempted to pass a South Orange trolley car in Newark. He collided head-on with another trolley, was hurled out on his head and killed instantly. Michael Mizilac, twenty-four, of No. 319 West 67th Street, Manhattan, was in the side car and was crushed between the two trolleys. He is in St. Michael's Hospital, Newark, in a critical condition.

Henry Meine, sixty-two, of No. 67 Morris Avenue, New Rochelle, was struck Sunday night on Union Avenue, New Rochelle, by an automobile driven by William Condon, No. 157 Franklin Avenue, New Rochelle, and died last night.

Louis Appicciello, forty-five, of No. 23 Mulford Street, Yonkers, is in St. John's Hospital, that city, in a serious condition as the result of having been hurled from a machine in Nepperhan Avenue, Yonkers, whose wheels became wedged in street car tracks. The car was driven by Neil Bettrano, twenty-two, of Henrietta Street, Yonkers. Bettrano was not arrested, but Coroner Fitzgerald notified him to appear for examination in the event of Appicciello's death.

Miss Mary Clark of No. 1310 Amsterdam Avenue, Manhattan, also was seriously injured in Yonkers. Her car was overturned after having struck a parapet on South Broadway, that city, pinning her under it. She was rushed to St. Joseph's Hospital, where it was said she may die, and several persons in the car with her are believed to have given the police fictitious names and addresses.

When Is a Woman's Figure Beautiful?

Florenz Ziegfeld Jr. Tells How He Judges

There Are Three Distinct Types, Each With Its Own Set of Rules, but the First Requirement Is Slenderness—The Venus de Milo Could Never Win in a Beauty Contest To-Day—She Would Be Too Tall and Fat.

By Florenz Ziegfeld Jr.

AMERICANS, more than any other nationality, have a passion for slenderness. Therefore, girls who would win beauty prizes abroad would never take first place in a contest here; they would be considered too fat. The Venus de Milo would never be accepted for a beauty champion nowadays; she would be too tall, too fat, too—well, she would be ineligible for a lot of reasons.

These are the measurements that I consider about right for the girl of to-day:

Height—Five feet, five and a half inches.

Weight—One hundred and twenty pounds.

Foot—Size five.

The height should be about seven and one-half times the length of the head.

The head should be four times the length of the nose.

When the arms are hanging straight at the sides they should be three-fifths of the body.

Nowadays it's almost a crime to be too fat. As I have said, Americans have a passion for slenderness. Other nations don't share this feeling.

I have heard that recently, when an American-made motion picture was taken to Germany, the exhibitors featured one of the minor characters in their advertising because she was bigger and fatter than the star, whom they considered far too thin.

History tells us that the women of other days did all they could to assure plumpness. The Empress Theodora was accustomed to spend days in warm baths, followed by days in bed.

In many countries to-day it is what is called the vital type of woman that is accepted as the most beautiful—that is, the woman of soft contours, who is rather plump, slow moving, languorous.

But in the United States we insist that if a woman expects to be considered beautiful she must be slender.

THREE TYPES OF BEAUTIFUL FIGURES.

In giving the measurements which I set down a moment ago, as I said then, I was considering the average girl.

But there are three distinct types of beauties in a revue nowadays—the ponies, the girls of medium height and the showgirls.

The ponies are the little girls, who do most of the dancing. Many a well known musical star has come from the ranks of these "littles girls"—the American public is partial to the petite and pretty girl who has talent and charm.

THE GIRLS OF MEDIUM HEIGHT are the backbone of the chorus. I have given you approximate measurements for them because I consider them the average American girl, representatives in size as well as in facial beauty of the best that America offers in the way of beautiful womanhood.

The showgirls are taller, though of course not excessively tall. Five feet eight is the limit. They're the dignified, gracious type of beauty. The same general proportions are right for them as for the average girl.

IN WHICH CLASS ARE YOU?

Now, many women would be better looking if they sat down and thought themselves over carefully, deciding to

which of these three types they belong.

They certainly will fit into one of the three. Many a woman is not stunning simply because her looks and carriage are misfits. She is really a showgirl and she walks like a pony. She tries to be cunning, as only a small woman can be, instead of claiming for herself the more gracious ways of beauty. Or, perhaps, she's one of those who belong in the second class and tries to fit her looks into the ways of those who are in the third.

Moreover, many a woman is colorless simply because she doesn't make any effort to find out just what is the proper accent for her beauty. She goes along like a man with his eyes shut, and her looks at the girls she sees on the stage and wishes she were as beautiful as they are.

The woman who doesn't know where she belongs ought to lose no time in finding out. If she's the small, delicate, quick moving type she can adopt the ways of the ponies—she can be as much of a spry as she likes. The world expects it of her.

If she's the average type, she can take a little from both of the other classes, depending largely on her other characteristics to determine the side on which the balance shall lie. If she is the dark, languorous sort of girl, the showgirl's charm is for her; if she's blonde, vivacious, bubbling over with fun, she's the pony type.

THE CARRIAGE MAKES THE GIRL.

It is most important for a woman to classify her beauty, because her way of carrying herself is sure to have much to do with proclaiming to the world that she is beautiful. We have all known girls who really were good looking, but weren't so recognized by their friends because they walked in a lankadalsical, stoop-shouldered fashion, held themselves badly, made no effort to seem beautiful.

Then perhaps they fell in love. Instantly they were transformed. They straightened up, held their shoulders

back and their heads up, looked like something. And people exclaimed, "How good looking Soandso has become!"

Now, I insist that the girls who are given places in one of my revues shall be as beautifully straight as the stem of the American beauty rose whose name we have taken for them. They must carry themselves as if they knew that they were beautiful. They must not hunch their shoulders up, or let their bodies collapse in the middle, emulating the "debutante slouch" that a few years ago swept across the country like a scourge.

HOW YOU CAN GET IT.

I know of no better way to acquire this carriage than by taking dancing lessons. Not ballroom dancing, but the sort of aesthetic dancing that is taught nowadays in schools of the better type. Dancing of this sort works wonders. Of course, one reason for this is that it develops perfect balance, which is at the bottom of all beautiful standing and walking. It gives perfect control of the arms and legs, so that a girl can stand gracefully with her arms hanging at her sides, relaxed and yet beautifully straight.

Vigorous physical exercise will not assure you of standing well; it is likely to make for hardness rather than grace, unless it is balanced against dancing. A certain amount of it is absolutely necessary, but it must have dancing as its complement.

The girl who carries herself well is free from self-consciousness; her body is so well trained that she can forget it in thought of what she is doing. It is usually the woman who stands badly who is awkward. No matter how pretty a girl's features and figure are, if when she first comes to see me she stands awkwardly, and shuffles when she walks across my office, I can see that she is temperamentally out of proportion, and am likely to select another girl who is perhaps not quite so pretty, but whose carriage is better. I know that the first girl's defects could be overcome by training, but have not the time to train beauty.

TRY OBSERVATION.

One of the best ways to cultivate beauty is to watch beautiful women. I have seen charming little country girls who were pretty, but no more than that, become beautiful after a few months in New York.

That was because they had had the opportunity to watch really beautiful women, and to take notes on what beauty is. Often distinctive beauty lies in the turn of the head, the movement of the body. It is elusive, but it is the thing that makes one woman stand out while others pass unnoticed. The girl who wants to go on the stage should go to the theatre just as often as she possibly can, and study the stage's beautiful women as she would study a book.

She should pick out those whose type she is, and watch them carefully. Then she can adapt what she likes best about them to her own needs. I do not mean that she should imitate them—merely that she should learn from them. Carriage, posture, the manner in which they sit and stand—these things are all important, and the stage offers every woman an opportunity to learn from living models.

The danger of learning in this way is that a girl may let her new-found knowledge make her artificial. Then she becomes awkward, and no matter how beautiful her figure may be, if she handles it awkwardly she is not even pretty.

But if she can pick out another woman's best points and then use them to her own advantage, she'll get results that will astonish her! (Copyright, 1922, by the Wheeler Newspaper Syndicate, Inc.)

AMERICANS Demand Slender Figures

The girls of medium height are the backbone of the chorus. I have given you approximate measurements for them because I consider them the average American girl, representatives in size as well as in facial beauty of the best that America offers in the way of beautiful womanhood.

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AMERICANS Demand Slender Figures

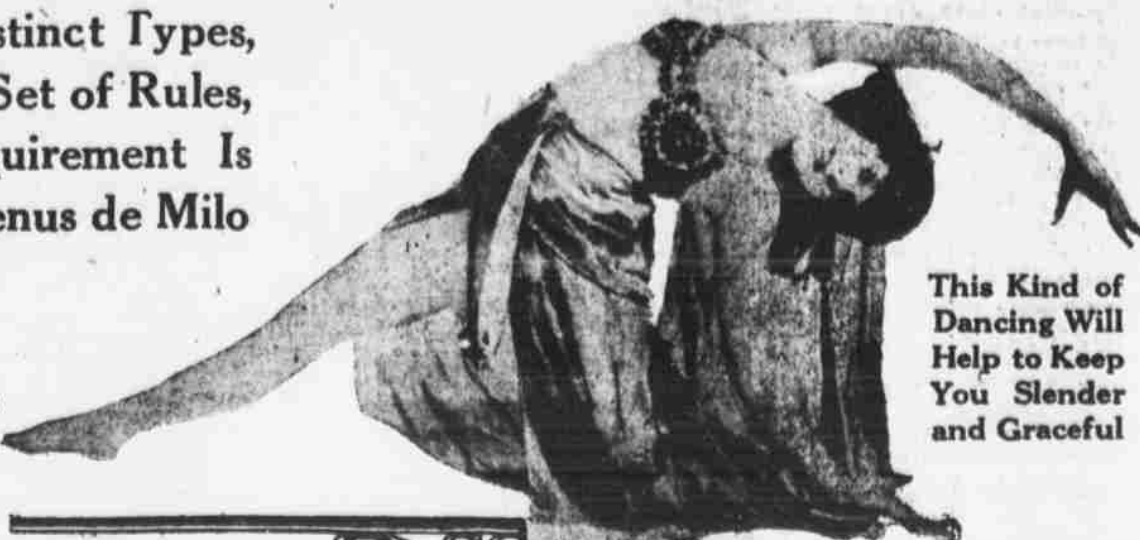
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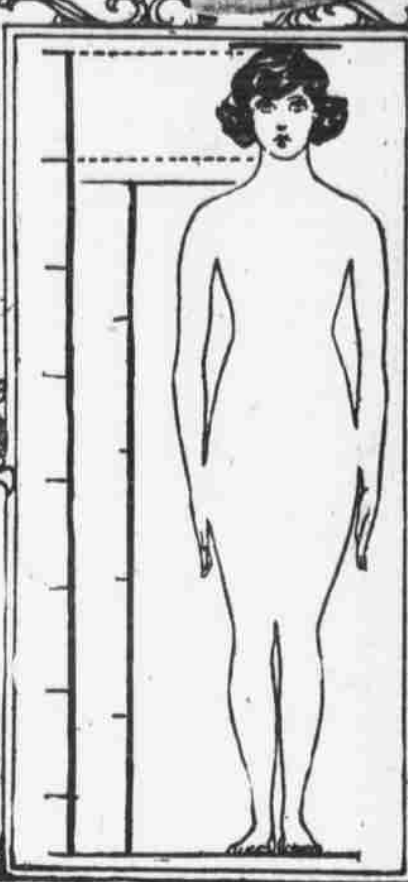
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This Kind of Dancing Will Help to Keep You Slender and Graceful



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Americans Demand Slender Figures

FIRST A CRAP GAME, THEN A WILD CHASE FOR A LOST \$230

Arabian Nights Episode in Columbus Circle Ends in Arrest.

Theatre crowds early to-day saw two automobiles going "round and round" in Columbus Circle, one in pursuit of the other. At times they would be abreast and then one or the other would drop behind for an instant, as in a chariot race.

While pedestrians and other automobiles were keeping out of the way, Policeman Kirby of the West 47th Street Station began making laps in the interest of the law. Once when the machines stopped all got out except a woman and a fight started, but they scrambled back and resumed the race before the cop could reach them. But the next time around he halted them and took the men to the West 47th Street Station.

The explanation of Elliott Kahn of No. 307 West 98th Street, was to the effect that he and M. Pollock, address not known, were sitting in the lobby of the Hotel Ansonia last night when they were invited to get into a friendly little crap game upstairs. They did, to the extent of \$230. Later they were told their hosts were professional gamblers and had used "crooked dice."

When they reported this to the hotel management, Kahn said the alleged gamblers were ordered to leave the hotel and Kahn and his friend waited outside for them. When the two men came they were accompanied by a woman and they jumped into an automobile and tried to escape. Kahn and his friend were in another car and it was the race around the circle that the policeman stopped. On Kahn's complaint a man describing himself as Sig Schuer, thirty-five, No. 35 Fort Washington Avenue, was arrested on a charge of assault.

BOY DIES IN XMAS FIRE.

Blaze From Lighted Tree Destroys Worcester Home.

WORCESTER, Mass., Dec. 24.—David Sessions, ten-year-old son of Waldo E. Sessions, casket manufacturer of this city, was burned to death yesterday when the Sessions home was destroyed by fire believed to have started near a Christmas tree which had been wired for electric lighting.

Repeated efforts were made to reach the boy, trapped on the second floor of the house by the flames. The body was recovered by firemen.

PARIS, Dec. 24.—"You wish me to die," indignantly exclaimed Mme. Sarah Bernhardt to one of the many physicians attending her after he had urged for her a month of absolute rest.

The great actress is again improving after a relapse which led to the report that she was dying. This rumor spread rapidly through Paris and east some

gloom over Christmas Eve celebrations in theatrical circles.

Bernhardt is still in bed, but her improvement is indicated in her renewed insistence on appearance at once in Sacha Guitry's "Un Sujet de Roman," which was postponed when she suffered her first fainting spell during rehearsal.

PARIS, Dec. 24 (Associated Press).—Discussing his mother's condition, Maurice Bernhardt told the Associated Press:

"We believe she is out of danger, although at her age it is unsafe to make predictions until she has completely recovered. She is still very weak and needs a long rest. All her theatrical plans, necessarily, are out of the question for a long time."

MAKES HER DEBUT AT BIG DANCE AT THE COLONY CLUB



(Photo by Alma Dupont.) Six Hundred Guests at Ball at Which Miss Claire Schenck Is Introduced.

Miss Claire Schenck, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin S. Schenck of No. 910 Fifth Avenue, was introduced to society last night at a dance given by her parents at the Colony Club. Several dinners were given before the ball, which was attended by about 600 guests.

Bernhardt Able to Get Out of Bed, After Relapse and Death Rumor

PARIS, Dec. 26 (United Press).—Sarah Bernhardt, greatly improved to-day, was able to arise. The famous actress, who has been critically ill for a week, brought rejoicing to hundreds of friends and prominent political, social and theatrical personages, who had gathered at her home upon erroneous reports she was dying, by recovering from a severe relapse and getting up out of bed.

Mme. Bernhardt was stricken with a fainting spell Dec. 17 during final rehearsal of Sacha Guitry's new play. Despite the critical nature of her illness the tragedienne used tremendous will power to fight off sinking spells, declaring if she must die she would do so while actually on the stage.

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All-wool Tweed Suits

(sizes 8 to 18) of excellent quality; each Suit with an extra pair of knickerbockers

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PANTOMIME



Children of Bronx and Harlem Mourn Their "Fairy Godmother"

Mrs. Teresa Scocozza, Active in Civic Affairs and Italian Charities, Is Dead.

Mrs. Teresa Scocozza, the "fairy godmother" of all the Italian children in the Bronx and Harlem, is dead, and her body will lie in state until Saturday at the family home, No. 2671 First Avenue, Harlem. In her lifetime Mrs. Scocozza was active in civic affairs and in the betterment of living conditions among Italians in Harlem and the Bronx.

During the war, with other women of New York, she started a fund for the acquisition of free milk for the Italian war babies across the seas and was commended by Pope Benedict XV. for her work. At Christmas time she was a wonderful Santa Claus for the poor children in the Italian quarters and was revered by them and their parents. She looked after the orphans, and her life was busied with her charities until a few months ago when she was stricken. She died yesterday.

Her funeral, which is expected to be one of the largest ever held in Harlem, will take place on Saturday morning from Mount Carmel Church in 119th Street. She is survived by her husband, Dominick, her sons, Daniel and Michael, the former being President of the Italian-American Society of the Bronx, and two daughters, Angela and Mrs. Antonietta De Marsico. Interment will be in Calvary Cemetery.

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